

Light:

A Journal of Psychical, Occult, and Mystical Research.

"WHATEVER DOTH MAKE MANIFEST IS LIGHT."—Paul.

"LIGHT, MORE LIGHT!"—Goethe

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

Contributed by "M.A. (Oxon.)"

I am not setting myself to review a remarkable novel which a more competent hand notices for me. But "Cecilia de Noel" is far more than a mere novel. The ghost—the shadow projected on this world from the silent land—is brought before us with startling effect through its influence on varying forms of consciousness, and therein lies the effect produced. "It was like a shadow, only darker," said Mrs. Mostyn, "and not lying against the wall like a shadow, but standing out from it in the air." And with her the odd effect was "it went right down to my soul and made me feel I had a soul. . . . I am certain it was a lost soul." And the still odder effect was to make her nourish a quite comforting belief in the eternity of punishment for most of the human race. That was the effect of the ghost on *her*.

Then it appeared to a popular preacher who had painted the horrors of hell and the joys of Heaven and vicarious happiness through atonement so often that the glib phrases rolled off his tongue with unction and with a certain self-satisfied acceptance. The ghost upset all that. He came to a neighbour's room in the dead of night after his experience of the ghost "deadly pale, with blue shadows about the mouth and eyes, his head thrown helplessly back," and wanted to sit there for the rest of the time "till day might lend him countenance." And at last when the dull grey day had fully broken, he cried in tones more heart-piercing than ever startled the great congregations in church or cathedral. "What if it were a delusion, and there be no Father, no Saviour?" That was the effect of the ghost on *him*.

Then there came to the house an ascetic High Church curate and he, too, saw the "shadowy figure standing on the brink of a narrow stream of moonlight, nothing clearly outlined but the face." It conveyed to him the "utter insignificance of what we name existence. . . . It was like the effect of lightning on a pitch dark night, the same vivid and lurid illumination of things unperceived before. . . . Its face was a revelation of evil—evil and its punishment. It was a lost soul." He prayed for it and was comforted in his belief that eternal torment was its doom. That was the effect of the ghost on *him*.

Next Mrs. Molyneux, Theosophist of sweetness and light, makes acquaintance with the shadow and disturbs the house with piercing shrieks, "the cries of a woman in terror or in pain." Bells ring and there is *sal volatile* and

the host in a dressing gown. Mrs. Molyneux explained afterwards that her nerves were upset by this shadow and this evil face. "It looked as if it was painted in darkness. She was horribly frightened and her Theosophy dissolved. That was the effect of the ghost on *her*."

And finally the divine Cecilia de Noel, a lovely picture of a saintly woman. She saw the ghostly shadow, "only air, but air colder than any ice." (The account is quoted in the review and I need not reproduce it.) She did not scream, nor faint, nor cry for *sal volatile*. She clasped the phantom in her arms and taught it what God is and what life may be. The restless and perturbed shade was laid to rest, and the haunting was over. I do not point the obvious moral, but as I think of it my mind goes back to a volume of poems too little known, and I wonder whether my readers know a poem written in "Aurora" by my friend, Alaric A. Watts. It is so germane that I quote it, only to be sure that it has not escaped the notice of all.

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

I know not whence : I know not why :
A sound I sense, as of a sigh,
Breathed near my wondering ear,
As all alone I sit—a sound of Fear,
As though, unseen of me, some living Thing were near.
Aroused at night I see a light
As of a spark that in the dark,
Hung in mid-air, I may not choose but mark :
And, in a sickly glow that from it seems to fall,
I see, or deem I see, a Shadow on the Wall.

It is a chamber dark, wherein I see this spark,
And hear this sigh. In many a deep embrasure,
Window and door are set, and moulding fair, and fret,
Made rich with remnant old of colour and of gold,
Where man has writ his life for Time's erasure ;
There, as I sit in daylight and in dark
In musing mood, I may not choose but mark
How o'er my shoulders Something seems to fall,
Hanging around them even as a Pall,
Or as I feel, yet fear, that Shadow on the Wall.

Old Lives speak often to the eye and ear,
By sight and sound we may not choose but hear,
May not refuse to see. They make their mark,
As of a shadow, when the Soul is dark.
In the old chamber where it sojourneth,
They rise to claim their part, and Life and Death
Meet fairly at such moments face to face :
And, gathering round the Present, the old Race
Steal back to see as are the things that were,
And faintly sigh, and make a sign as there
Where their feet trod, their ghostly shadows fall
On shoulder or on wall.

Why fear the sigh ? The spark why dread to see ?
We to whom such things come, such things must be.
Give sigh for sigh, and as their Life is dark,
Yield we, as best we may, one little spark,
To lighten up their darkness from our light—
(Our thoughts they see as we see sparks at night)—
A little dust, a little light give we
Of human thought and human sympathy :
One moment from ourselves our Spirit spare ;
One moment's tenderness, one moment's care,
And on their chamber let our sunlight fall,
As Shadows on the Wall.

I

LADY MAGNETS.

We publish, in default of personal investigation, the best account we have seen, by an eye witness, of the performance of Mrs. Abbott. It is taken from the "Anti-Jacobin" and seems to us equally removed from credulity and undue scepticism. The stage of the Alhambra Theatre is hardly a place to apply tests, but, as far as we have read accounts furnished to the Press, no tests have availed, as there is no room for imposition. Our readers will find the *pros* and *cons* which we supply sufficient for the formation of a rough judgment. For exact information we must wait:—

The ingenuous sceptic was in great force at the Alhambra. He sat just behind me, and soon announced his invincible disbelief in Mrs. Abbott's performance. Before the lady appeared, a gentle showman described in a powerful American accent the earliest manifestations of her peculiar gift; how a little girl of seven years remarked to her father one day, when he was reposing in his easy chair, "Poppa, I'm going to lift you right away," and promptly elevated the easy chair, "Poppa" and all; further, how she annoyed her brother so much when he was studying, one day, that he tried to put her out of the room, and found to his amazement that he could not lift her from the floor. These reminiscences were accompanied by some vaguely scientific assurances that the extraordinary force which Mrs. Abbott possesses has nothing to do with Mesmerism or Spiritualism. I cannot say the information was very luminous; but it had the useful effect of sharpening expectation, and I was pleasantly speculating on what form of paternal protest I should adopt if one of my youngsters were to play the Samson of infantine science during my after-dinner nap, when the ingenuous sceptic remarked very audibly, "You can see it's all humbug. While he's talking they're preparing the stage underneath. I know them!"

The entrance of the "Little Georgia Magnet," as she has been affectionately christened by a partial Republic, must have disarmed suspicion in most masculine bosoms. She was robed like Ophelia, and I half expected her to turn to Mr. John Hollingshead with an air of prepossessing innocence, and say, "Here's a daisy." Mr. Hollingshead graced the proceedings by sitting amongst the committee, about fifteen or twenty gentlemen who had been selected beforehand, and who, as generally happens in such cases, were almost entirely unknown to everybody else. This did not necessarily argue collusion; indeed, Mr. Hollingshead, who kept his eye on them throughout the proceedings, graciously observed at the end that although he had not the honour of their acquaintance, he had no reason to question their good faith. But that was not the view of the ingenuous sceptic. "Who *are* they?" he demanded at large. "Who ever heard of them? Look at Hollingshead; what's the good of his sitting there? Why doesn't he join in the pulling and pushing? Because he knows it's humbug." There were gentlemen who did not mind pulling and pushing in the interests of science; and the spectacle of half-a-dozen strong men vainly trying to force a billiard cue out of a woman's hands, and to press her backwards when she stood balanced on one foot, would have gladdened the heart of the enthusiast who claims that woman is not merely equal but superior to man.

The ingenuous sceptic, however, was not to be silenced. "Of course, the cue's prepared beforehand. So is the chair which they can't hold steady when she touches it. Why do they use their own chairs, eh?" This artful question did not quite dispose of the marvel, for a prepared billiard cue with which a woman could withstand the pressure of several men seemed rather unaccountable. Then how was it that the lady could be lifted by her elbows when handkerchiefs were held under them, but that when her arms were quite bare she could not be stirred? I see that my sceptic has been explaining in print that this is the easiest trick in the world. You have only to put your elbows well forward out of the line of the body, and nobody can move you. Apparently this theory did not occur to the committeeman at the Alhambra who, when his hands were held by Mrs. Abbott, was (or seemed) just as immovable as she had been. An enterprising little man, very thick-set, succeeded in lifting the other committeeman several times, but presently the mysterious force communicated by Mrs. Abbott defied the

little man who, to all appearance, made himself purple with ineffectual efforts to lift his colleague. Were these gentlemen confederates? Shortly before this incident there was a cry of "Take somebody from the audience," and someone stepped from the stalls to the stage, but he soon declared himself discomfited. "Oh yes," muttered the ingenuous sceptic behind me, "But it's all a plant."

These ramifications of confederacy seem to me too cunning to be understood. The committee were unanimous in declaring that Mrs. Abbott exerted no muscular pressure in any of her experiments. When she upset a pile of men off the chairs she did not touch the woodwork, but used her force through the hands of two committeemen. The most curious feat of all was performed with a tumbler. When Mrs. Abbott touched her head and shoulders with the glass, a muffled rattle was distinctly audible through the theatre. That this may have been caused by some electrical apparatus is conceivable, but if electricity rattled the glass what had it to do with the billiard cue? People who have shaken hands with Mrs. Abbott say that they have received a shock, and it is apparently historic that the lady communicated a similar sensation to the head of the Prince of Wales, who can scarcely be classed among confederates, even by ingenuous scepticism. I hope a committee of experts will favour the world with an explanation of this portent, and, especially, with an assurance that a new and startling development of the eternal feminine is not likely to spread through the female population.

We have not, as we have said, seen the Lady Magnet, but the "Star" explanations are worthless and are an obvious advertisement to catch the street sales of London. Professor Oliver Lodge is anxious, apparently, to take a seat on the fence. He has published the following letter in the "Daily News":—

SIR,—As my name has been mentioned in an article under the above heading in your issue of last Friday descriptive of the surprising feats of Mrs. Abbott, which it is half-suggested were supposed by those present to be attributable in some occult way to electricity or magnetism, it is perhaps incumbent on me to state that, whereas the feats themselves are, on the whole, very fairly described in that article, there is, in my opinion, no sufficient ground for believing them to be accomplished by anything more abnormal than the extraordinary muscular power and skill of a small woman in good training. The most difficult thing to explain was the apparent extra heaviness of a boy in contact with her hands in such a way that downward pressure on her part was impossible. Her own apparent extra heaviness is also a difficulty, but an experiment extemporised by Professor Fitzgerald tended to show that the increase in weight was only apparent, although the difficulty of lifting was very marked. The performance is a good one, and is well worth seeing, but, at least in the view of the physicists present, there was nothing occult about it.—Yours faithfully,

University College, Liverpool.

OLIVER LODGE.

November 8th, 1891.

To this we add an account from the "Daily Graphic" of

A BENARES LADY MAGNET.

SIR,—Last year when on a tour through India I visited the highly interesting city of Benares. One day when inspecting some of the strange temples which are in such numbers all over the city, I happened by a mere chance to ask my Indian servant as we passed a small but very smart temple in a narrow, crowded street, "Is there anything worth seeing here?" He immediately replied, "Oh, yes; devil woman." Naturally this reply roused my curiosity, and I inquired whether the lady was a difficult person to visit, and whether she was dangerous to approach. Hyder said, "Oh, no, very quiet; no hurt, but very much devil." He further volunteered the fact that two rupees was the fee for a séance. I then sent him to make arrangements, and waited myself in the entrance to the temple, which was a very beautifully decorated one, evidently in high favour, and receiving much patronage.

My servant returned, and said, "Now, sahib, woman ready." I was conducted by a queer old priest through a sort of cloister and up a small stair, my servant coming with me. A thick "durrie," or carpet, covered a small doorway, and drawing this aside my conductor signed to me to enter.

The chamber was a very small one, with at the end a sort of raised dais, on which was crouched a most hideous old woman. She was a mere skeleton, and her face was wizened and shrivelled up as small as an infant's, but a pair of dark eyes seemed to blaze with light. A small lamp was in the room, but even with it I could see that her hair, which was in tangled grey masses about her shoulders, showed a distinct phosphorescent light. Noticing that I was looking at her hair, she raised her shrivelled hands, and taking them through and through the long locks, she made sparks fly out and bright gleams of light show all over it. My servant interpreted for me, and asked if I wanted to see her perform some of her wonders. On my replying in the affirmative, the carpet on which she was sitting was removed and I then saw that the little platform was made of coarse, dull, greenish glass. The woman stood up, and at that moment the old priest brought to the doorway a small goat. It looked in and seemed very frightened. No sooner did the woman raise her hand than it became still, slowly advanced, sideways, towards her, and, as it reached the platform, fell down and was quickly drawn towards her, lying perfectly passive on its side. She then went through the same sort of thing with a cat, which was brought in a basket, two pigeons, and a snake, making them do all sorts of curious antics, making the snake stand perfectly perpendicular, like a stick or young sapling. The birds she brought to her by a curious drawing process through the air; they did not fly, and they seemed averse to going, but were invisibly compelled to advance to her. She then asked through my servant whether I would care to be operated on myself, or should they get in a native. Not caring first to be a victim, I suggested to Hyder that he should be one; but this he strenuously refused to be, and so I despatched him for a coolie. He brought in an exceedingly tall, handsome lad, who had a sort of devil-may-care expression on his fine face. The woman ordered him to throw off his loose gown, so he had nothing on but a loin cloth. She then motioned him on to the edge of the platform, and almost immediately, after a few passes, she placed her hand under his and slowly raised him off the ground to the height of about two feet, the chamber being so low that he could not get up much higher. She then made a few hypnotic passes, and he became quite stiff, and by a deft turn of her hand she somehow turned his body sideways and raised him in that position as high as her own breast. She did several other things, and then, placing his arms out straight, signed for me to come and put them down. This I attempted to do, but they were rigid as iron, his fingers and hips the same, and his eyes, though evidently seeing, did not have the slightest motion. Thoroughly convinced of her power, I then allowed her to practise on myself, and the sensation caused by her even pointing her hand was like an intense discharge from an electric battery into my body, but by no means an unpleasant sensation. She raised me up in the same way as she had done the coolie, and my power was entirely gone and I was under her control completely, but again with rather agreeable sensations than otherwise. On her removing her hands and making evidently one or two back passes, a shivery feeling came over me, and I was able to step down from the rough platform. She became quite apathetic the moment the business was over, and the old priest received my honorarium and my praises in a matter-of-fact way. My servant, who was deeply impressed and for days on the *qui vive* to find something happen to me, said that the "devil woman" was supposed to be two hundred years old.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. H.

"The Evening News and Post" gives the following. It was communicated by Mr. Shippey of the firm of Shippey Brothers, electrical engineers. It appeared originally in "Silliman's Journal" and was copied thence by a leading scientific journal in May, 1838 :—

A well-known physician in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* gives the following curious account of an electrical lady. He states that on the evening of January 28th, during a somewhat extraordinary display of the Northern Lights, the person in question became so highly charged with electricity as to give out vivid electrical sparks from the end of each finger to the face of each of the company present. This did not cease with the heavenly phenomena, but continued for several months, during which time she was constantly

charged, and giving off electrical sparks to every conductor she approached. This was extremely vexatious as she could not touch the stove nor any metallic utensil, without first giving off an electric spark with the consequent twinge. The state most favourable to this phenomenon was an atmosphere of about 80° Fahr., moderate exercise, and social enjoyment. It disappeared in an atmosphere approaching zero and under the debilitating effects of fear. When seated by the fire reading, with her feet upon the fender, she gave sparks at the rate of three or more a minute, and under the most favourable circumstances a spark that could be seen, heard, or felt passed every second. She could charge others in the same way when insulated, and they could then give sparks to others. To make it satisfactory that her dress did not produce it it was changed to cotton and woollen without altering the phenomenon. The lady is about thirty, of sedentary pursuits, and in a delicate state of health, having for two years previously suffered from acute rheumatism and neuralgic affections with peculiar symptoms.

We have found in an old diary of the year 1872 an extract from the "Manchester Examiner and Times," of November 10th, 1856, which we reproduce as bearing on a subject now occupying public attention :—

THE INFANT MAGNET.

Under this title [The Infant Magnet] a girl, a little over eleven years of age, commences to-day, November 10th, 1856, giving public exhibitions of her performances at the Mechanics' Institution, Cooper-street. She is represented as "possessing the hitherto undiscovered power of moving heavy irons, weights, chairs, tables, &c., by animal magnetism!" She comes hither from Liverpool, and the accounts of her performances which have appeared in several of the Liverpool papers evince a susceptibility of the miraculous and a readiness to ascribe her feats to 'animal magnetism,' which we think few in this city will be inclined to endorse. On Saturday our reporter, with several medical and other gentlemen, was witness to some efforts by this fine, strong, and healthy-looking girl. Among other tests two irons for pressing cloth, weighing respectively 17lb. and 23lb., were placed before her upon a table. By firmly resting her fingers and palms of her hands upon the handles of these she could with ease and rapidity draw them over, end towards her: and, by pushing them back, repeat the operation any number of times. The most powerful persons present attempted to do the same, but none could imitate the movement. It is at this point that 'animal magnetism' is brought in as an explanation; just as any peculiarity in the seasons is ascribed to the 'precession of the equinoxes.' The girl is found to have her muscles exceedingly well developed; and this, with a considerable amount of nervous energy and great mental concentration, combined with sufficient practice, will, we think, account for all that she accomplishes. It is certainly somewhat strange to behold a young girl performing a feat of muscular power which a strong man cannot equal, and, no doubt, many will be induced to see the 'Infant Magnet' for themselves." It will be seen that the paragraph is written from a sceptical point of view, and that the writer is only partially content with his professed explanation. Certainly when we saw the lady move a heavy tailor's iron, popularly known as a "goose," no such explanation would meet the case. She simply laid her hand upon it without grasping it, and it appeared to adhere to her hand as iron does to a magnet. It followed her movements, and she pulled or pushed it at will, but never raised it from the surface of the table entirely. She did not exert muscular strength, and her face betrayed no sign of exertion. If we remember rightly the power was soon exhausted for the time being.

MR. MORSE'S "HINTS TO INQUIRERS."

Mr. Morse sends us a revised and enlarged edition of a little pamphlet (price 2d.) which contains many useful hints and rules of guidance. It is published at 80, Needham-road, Liverpool, and the present edition contains much new matter. The little guide-book cannot fail to be useful. If it is desired to supplement the list of works published on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, a very complete list will be found in the Bibliography published at regular intervals in "LIGHT."

TWO EXTRACTS FROM "SPHINX."*

TRANSLATED BY "V."

I.

AN INCIDENT IN PERTY'S LIFE.

Maximilian Perty had two highly-gifted sons, whom he lost, one shortly after the other, in early youth. After this heavy bereavement there only remained to him one little girl, four years of age, who was as lovely as she was sweet-tempered and bright; naturally her father doted upon this sole remaining child; but a new trial was to befall him, which he scarcely thought he could survive. The child was killed by swallowing a cherry-stone, which stuck in her throat, and her poor father had the anguish of witnessing his darling's death agony, without the power of helping her or saving her life.

Some four days after the child's death he was lying in bed at night time, overcome with grief and anguish, when about midnight he saw a bright light appear at the foot of his bed, which illuminated the room, and there seemed to rise up slowly in the midst of the light an immense wreath of lovely flowers, in the midst of which the figure of his lost child suddenly appeared; lovely, bright, and smiling, the child bowed towards him, and made gestures as though to console him, pointing upwards with her little hands. Perty gazed at this apparition enraptured and awestricken, till it slowly dissolved away and vanished.

From this time he felt consolation sink into his soul and a change took place in his mind which determined his whole future life and work. He no longer doubted the continued existence of the soul after death, and his whole efforts were now directed to inquire into the source and origin of immortality, and to obtain proof of it.

At the time of this decisive turn in his life he was just over thirty, the exact period at which he was called to be a professor at Berne.

BERTHA MUTSCHLECHNER.

II.

TELEPATHY WITH A DYING PERSON.

In the year 1887 my mother was staying with me on a visit. It was in the month of July, but we cannot recall the exact date of a telepathic experience which she had at that time, and which she related to me the morning after it occurred.

She went to bed about ten o'clock, and after a sound sleep of about three hours she suddenly woke up with the sensation as though an ice-cold current of air passed over her face. Directly afterwards she felt the warm breath of a being leaning over her and pressing a tender, lingering kiss upon her mouth, while a sensation of unutterable sorrow oppressed her soul; she was conscious that this was a farewell kiss, and her eyes filled with tears. She rose from bed and struck a light, but for a long time she could not go to sleep again; indeed, she lay awake nearly the whole night; and even the next day the remembrance of the kiss she had received remained so vivid that she felt it still on her lips, though icy cold. "This cannot be without meaning," she said; "you will see, it was a farewell from my sister Mali; she is old, and I must expect to hear of her death."

The following days we anxiously awaited the expected news; but it was not till a week later, in consequence of some unforeseen delay, that we received the sad intelligence of the death of another of my mother's sisters, and when we compared the time we found it had taken place on the day preceding the strange night experience of my mother, which was now explained to us.

BERTHA MUTSCHLECHNER.

I know not the hour when Justice will come
To make this earth a Heavenly home;
But I know that its presence would lighten the gloom—
And that would be Heaven for me.

Oh, would that the children of earth could sing
With melodious harps or trumpet's glad ring,
Proclaiming that the God of justice is King,
Oh, that would be music to me.

J. S.

* The great services rendered in the cause of recognition of supernatural facts by the late Professor Perty, of Berne, are well known to our readers. The following account was written for us by his niece, Frau Mutschlechner, from the particulars given her by her mother, the youngest sister of the late Professor, who is still living.—Ed. "Sphinx."

The Perty family seem to be strongly clairvoyant, as Frau Mutschlechner has on several occasions given accounts of her own supernatural and clairvoyant experiences in the "Sphinx."—Tr.

NARRATIVES ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CASES OF "THE DOUBLE," RECENTLY PUBLISHED IN "LIGHT."

In "LIGHT," of November 28th, the cases of the "Double," under Divisions I. to IV., were given. The following narratives complete the series of illustrative cases:—

V.—AGENT IN A FAINTING CONDITION.

The example is from "Phantasms of the Living" (Vol. II., p. 156), and is communicated by Mr. J. T. Milward Pierce, of Bow Rancho, Knox County, Nebraska, U.S.A.:—

Frettons, Danbury, Chelmsford.

January 5th, 1885.

I live in Nebraska, U.S., where I have a cattle rancho, &c. I am engaged to be married to a young lady living in Yankton, Dakota, twenty-five miles north.

About the end of October, 1884, while trying to catch a horse, I was kicked in the face, and only escaped being brained by an inch or two; as it was I had two teeth split and a severe rap on the chest. There were several men standing near. I did not faint, nor was I insensible for a moment, as I had to get out of the way of the next kick. There was a moment's pause before anyone spoke. I was standing leaning against the stable wall, when I saw on my left, apparently quite close, the young lady I have mentioned. She looked pale. I did not notice what she wore; but I distinctly noticed her eyes, which appeared troubled and anxious. There was not merely a face, but the whole form looked perfectly material and natural. At that moment my bailiff asked me if I was hurt. I turned my head to answer him, and when I looked again she had gone. I was not much hurt by the horse, my mind was perfectly clear, for directly afterwards I went to my office and drew the plans and prepared specifications for a new house, a work which requires a clear and concentrated mind.

I was so haunted by the appearance that next morning I started for Yankton. The first words the young lady said when I met her were, "Why, I expected you all yesterday afternoon. I thought I saw you looking so pale, and your face all bleeding." (I may say the injuries had made no visible scars.) I was very much struck by this, and asked her when this was. She said, "Immediately after lunch." It was just after my lunch that the accident occurred. I took the particulars down at the time. I may say that before I went to Yankton I was afraid that something had happened to the young lady. I shall be happy to send you any further particulars you may desire.

JNO. T. MILWARD PIERCE.

In answer to inquiries Mr. Pierce says:—

"I think the vision lasted as long as a quarter of a minute." Once before, when lying shot through the jaw by an Indian, he thought he saw an Indian standing over him, and infers that it was not a real one, or he would have been scalped.

Mr. Pierce wrote further on May 27th, 1885:—

I sent your letter to the lady, but did not get an answer before leaving England, and upon arriving here found her very ill, and it is only recently I have been able to get the information you wished for. She now wishes me to say that she recollects the afternoon in question, and remembers expecting me, and being afraid something had happened, though it was not my usual day for coming; but although at the time she told me that she saw me with a face bleeding, she does not now appear to recollect this, and I have not suggested it, not wishing to prompt her in any way.

In another letter of July 13th, 1885, Mr. Pierce says:—

I am sorry I can do no better for you than the enclosed letter. The fact seems to be that events of absorbing interest, and illness, appear to have driven nearly all remembrance of the incident from Miss MacGregor's mind, attaching no particular importance to it at first. I have prompted her memory, but she only says, no doubt I am right, but that she can't now recollect it.

The letter enclosed from Miss MacGregor is as follows:—

Yankton, D.T., July 13th, 1885.

I have read the letter you sent to Mr. Pierce. I am afraid I cannot now recall the time you mention clearly enough to give you any distinct recollection.

I remember feeling sure some accident had happened, but I told Mr. Pierce at the time everything unusual I felt, and events that have since occurred have, I am afraid, completely effaced all clear recollections of the facts.

ANNIE MACGREGOR.

I add a second instance from the same source (Vol. II., p. 256). The narrator is Mr. H. G. Barwell, of 33, Surrey-street, Norwich:—

During the last week of July, 1883, Mr. and Mrs. W. and family had settled themselves comfortably in a house they

had hired at the Lizard, Cornwall; and a few days later Mr. Cox, an amateur artist from Liverpool, joined them. Mr. Barwell arranged to meet Mr. Earle, an artist residing in London (both of whose names are appended), on Monday, August 7th, 1882, dine with him and together take the night mail at Paddington, booking for Penryn, Cornwall, the station from whence conveyances take passengers to Helston, and thence to the Lizard, whither they were going to join Mr. W. and family, as on many former occasions.

Barwell and Earle therefore started according to arrangement by the 8.10 p.m. mail train from Paddington, on the evening of Bank Holiday, Monday, August 7th, 1882. They travelled all night; the train, on arrival at Penryn, was a little more than fifteen minutes late, reaching there on Tuesday morning, August 8th, 1882, at 7.23 a.m. No other passengers lighted there from that train. They had some difficulty in getting a porter to convey their luggage to the omnibus standing at the station, the driver of which announced that if they could not come at once he must start without them. Passengers were nothing to him; he had to take charge of and deliver the mail bags at various villages on his route. They roused up the porter and insisted on his attention; in the meantime their train had departed and another train, from Falmouth to London, ran into the station (due 7.24 a.m.). Their luggage was being placed on the omnibus, Earle had already climbed to his seat next the driver, and Barwell, having now seen all their luggage safely deposited on the vehicle, was climbing up next him, when Earle exclaimed: "Why, look there!" And on Barwell looking up, he saw in the train, just leaving the station for London, their friend W., from the Lizard, waving his hand to them while eagerly stretching his head out of the window to ascertain, apparently, if they had arrived. They both cordially returned the salute, and the train disappeared round a curve, W. still looking out of the window waving his hand.

The two friends now made various conjectures as to the why and wherefore of W.'s departure on the very morning of their arrival; they considered it very disappointing that he should thus be obliged to leave on the day our friendly party was about to be reunited. Earle was greatly depressed about it, and wished to leave all further discussion on the subject until they should ascertain from Mrs. W. the cause for his leaving the Lizard just before their arrival. Amongst the surmises which they made for W. being in the train which came from Falmouth, and not from the Lizard where he was staying, was this, that he had probably received at the Lizard, on Monday, August 7th, a telegram requiring his immediate attendance in London or elsewhere, and that to prevent a very early start by trap on Tuesday morning from the Lizard to catch the 7.30 a.m. train to London at Penryn, he had made use of a return Bank Holiday excursion steamer from Falmouth to the Lizard, sleeping at Falmouth, and starting by train from there at 7.15 a.m. for London, namely, the train they saw him in.

They arrived in due course at Helston, had breakfast, and sauntered about the old town till the next coach started for the Lizard at eleven o'clock a.m. On nearing the Lizard, they were anxiously on the look-out for the children of Mrs. W. to receive their usual hearty and sincere welcome on arrival of the coach, and to learn from them where their respective domiciles in the village had been chosen. The coach arrived, but none of the W. family were to be seen.

The luggage was taken off the coach and left on the village green in front of the hotel, till information could be obtained as to where rooms had been engaged. The two friends strolled away, but soon met W.'s two boys, who, on being asked why their father had gone away, seemed somewhat surprised at the question, and replied that their father was lying ill, at his lodgings, and that their mother was also at home and very anxious about him. The boys accompanied Earle and Barwell to their father's house in the village, when Mrs. W. came out and greeted them cordially, telling them briefly that Mr. W. had had a serious fainting fit that morning, and that she was watching him with considerable anxiety.

Mr. Cox now came in from his morning's work, and after the exchange of salutations with Earle and Barwell, related to them the following details of Mr. W.'s fainting fit:—That he, Mr. W., and his two boys started from the Lizard village to Housel Cove to bathe at seven o'clock that morning, a distance a little over half a mile. When W. came out of the sea, and was leaning against a rock, in a sitting posture, he fainted quite away. Cox was dreadfully shocked and alarmed, for at one time he could discover no action of the heart, and he feared he might be dead or dying. He used all the means he could think of, and placed W. in a more recumbent position, which seemed a more favourable one, for pulsation was then discernible, and W. partially recovered, but was too weak to move for a long time. Mrs. W. was fetched and then breakfast was taken down to the Cove, and when vitality and strength had sufficiently returned to enable W. to climb the steep ascent with assistance, they started home.

The fainting of W. occurred at 7.30 a.m. at Housel Cove, the Lizard, at the precise time when Earle and Barwell saw W. waving his hand to them from the train at Penryn.

The question has been put to Mr. W. whether he thought of or saw Earle or Barwell, either just before or during his seizure, but he remembers nothing of the kind.

(Signed) CHARLES EARLE, 9, Duke-street, Portland-place, London.

H. G. BARWELL, Surrey-street, Norwich.
CHARLES H. COX, Shrewsbury-road, N., Birkenhead.

In reply to inquiries, Mr. Barwell says:—

Both Earle and I have very good sight. My impression is that the person I saw looking from the train window wore a soft flexible round hat."

Mr. Cox writes, on January 2nd, 1885:—

I was at the Lizard, in Cornwall, when my friends Earle and Barwell saw (as they believed) the "double" of my friend W., whom at the time, I was instrumental in bringing round after his attack of illness. My part in the affair was simply resuscitating Mr. W. from a very serious condition.

C. H. Cox.

Here; again, mistaken identity must be recognised as a possibility; but there are several points which combine to make it improbable. The facts which the appearance forced on the minds of the two friends—namely, W.'s departure—was so little in accordance with their expectations that it distinctly surprised them; they were thus in a wholly different attitude from that (say) of awaiting a friend's arrival, when the senses are on the alert for anything at all resembling him. Again, the figure seen seems to have given unmistakable signs of friendly recognition, so that we should not only have to suppose that the percipients mistook someone for their friend, but that they mistook for him someone who was known to them, or at any rate to one of them—clearly a much more unlikely occurrence. It will be observed, moreover, that the difficulties of assuming a mistake as to identity are immensely increased where two persons with good sight would have had to share in it. Still, it is conceivable—though scarcely compatible with the account—that the first sign of recognition was given by Mr. Earle; and that a stranger, seeing this sign, returned it, either in joke, or imagining that the giver of it must be someone that he had known and ought to recognise.

MR. COPE, R.A., AND SPIRIT-DRAWINGS, &c.*

The following extract from the "Reminiscences of Charles West Cope, R.A.," just published, will be of interest to Spiritualists. Under date 1859 Mr. Cope, then taking his autumn holiday in Wales, writes in his diary as follows:—

A resident family here, who showed us hospitality, much interested me. Mr. R. told me strange tales of his wife's powers. She was an accomplished woman. She had lost an only son aged twelve, and she told us with great detail and frankness how often he visited her. "How?" I asked. She said that while at needlework she felt her hand laid hold of, and it was made to draw long curves on large sheets of paper—which she kept on the table for the purpose—and very intricate and involved patterns, a lead pencil being used. I asked to see specimens. She showed me dozens of sheets as large as newspapers. Sometimes writing was apparent; and the spirit hand had caused designs to be made to be carved on his tombstone. We were taken to the churchyard to see it. It was a monolith and the figures (geometric) were cut into it by a village mason from these designs. At the top there was an eye from which lines or rays emanated such as we see in old-fashioned woodcuts. I think there was a motto, but I forget.

The father told me that his young daughter, about fourteen, was frequently spoken to by her brother, as she walked through a field of long grass, and that she saw the tops of the grass bend down as he brushed over them. The mother also, when playing on the piano any ordinary tune, would feel her hands influenced to play strange combinations of chords and had no control over them. She sat down to play one day, and after playing some time she thought the spirit influence was not coming, but suddenly she stopped, and then struck quite different chords, harmonious but strange. Mr. R. told me, in reply to my inquiry, that he never had any similar experiences, but that he was convinced of their reality. I asked what good could come of unmeaning or unintelligible scrawls, and was it likely that a spirit from another sphere would communicate with his mother for no more serious purpose? He said it was a great comfort to them to be thus assured of their son's continued existence, and that at one time he had informed them that they would not see him for two years, as he was about to undergo some change. They both were quite free from reticence and seemed never tired of being cross-questioned.

* "Reminiscences of Charles West Cope, R.A." By his son, CHARLES HENRY COPE, M.A. (Richard Bentley and Son, 1891.)

OFFICE OF "LIGHT,"
2, DUKE STREET,
ADELPHI, W.C.

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Light:

EDITED BY "M. A. (OXON.)"

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5th, 1891.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi. It will much facilitate the insertion of suitable articles if they are under two columns in length. Long communications are always in danger of being delayed, and are frequently declined on account of want of space, though in other respects good and desirable. Letters should be confined to the space of half a column to ensure insertion.

Business communications should in all cases be addressed to Mr. B. D. Godfrey, 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to the Editor.

I THE CRUSHER AND THE CRUSHED.

"I hear you are to be demolished," said Mr. Stead to us as we talked the Christmas Ghosts in his sanctum, "utterly demolished."

"Indeed! What? Who? Why?"

"Oh! Maskelyne and Dr. Weatherly are writing a book to crush Spiritualism."

We remembered some previous efforts of the great showman which were abortive enough: we had a backward glimpse of Maskelyne in the witness-box at Bow-street with a trick table, as the aider and abettor of Professor Lankester in the Slade trial, which ended still more abortively: certain admissions of Maskelyne respecting phenomena that he did not profess to explain, letters in old numbers of the "Pall Mall Gazette," floated hazily on the field of mental vision.

"Yes," we said, "Maskelyne we know: his part is all in the way of Egyptian Hall business: quite natural. But who is Dr. Weatherly?"

The book is now before us, and it appears that Dr. Weatherly hails from Bath. He is apparently a mad-doctor. He dedicates his book to "my friend Dr. Hack Tuke," and he struggles ineffectively with the grammar of the English language. He considers his style to be "lucid," though it would be melancholy in a fourth-form school-boy, and would certainly get the urchin into trouble. This will appear as we devote to Dr. Weatherly so much space as may be required to point out his lucidity.

With the crusher before us we preserve the broad smile that originated with the perusal of the first page. Dr. Weatherly, it seems, was induced to read a paper at Bath on "Hallucinations and Illusions." He asked a man whose opinion he valued what he thought of it. "His criticism was short, but to the point, and was expressed in one word—'Lucid'!" *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. That man has much to answer for. The doctor rushed into print, securing the services of Mr. Maskelyne to serve up a *rechauffé* of the Occult from the point of view of the conjurer, and, worse outrage still, the services of Mr. Maskelyne's son and Mr. G. R. Tweedie, Dr. Aveling, and Mr. Munn, in the production of the most ghastly series of

illustrative drawings that ever bad nightmare produced on a morbid imagination. For the book itself, as far as Dr. Weatherly's part goes, it is a re-hash of elementary physiology and psychology, without plan or knowledge of recent research. "Don't arrange them," Oscar Wilde is reported to have said to a friend who consulted him as to hanging his pictures—"don't arrange them: let them occur"! Dr. Weatherly has permitted himself to *occur*, though hardly as lucidly as he naively imagines.

What, for instance, are we to say of this (p. 4.)? "Are there not many who insist in (*sic*) seeing in the prancing of mahogany tables and so-called materialised spiritualistic manifestations the definite evidence of supernatural agency?" Surely they were never "so-called" except by this "lucid" stylist. Of what order of mind is the man who thinks and says that (p. 5) "Masses of highly educated beings absolutely revel in the so-called supernatural, and find the greatest comfort of their lives in Swedenborgian philosophy"? He evidently thinks that Swedenborgians are Spiritualists! A measure of his knowledge of the subject into which he intrudes his grotesque ignorance. "Swedenborgians are all indebted to Illusions and Hallucinations for their presentiments, their visions, their prophecies, their intercourse with angelic beings and their visits to heaven and hell." (p. 7) "The Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.D. (or rather D. C. L. Salamanca), seems to ascribe everything that he, in his narrow mind, cannot understand to supernatural agency: and even has evidently the superstitious bias to maintain that, in his opinion, the tricks he has seen performed by the Indian jugglers . . . are all the outcome of supernatural help." (p. 6.) And so on and so on. The style throughout is that of a fourth-form school-boy who deserves a whipping, though the form of it is appropriate enough to the information that is conveyed. What is not obvious padding is quotation. "I cannot do better than quote" is a constantly recurrent phrase which has some justification—and even the quotations are inapt. It would be cruel to pillory all Dr. Weatherly's blunders and ineptitudes: to what he calls "a common-sensed mind" they are plain enough; as when he refers to "Newton Crosland in her work on Apparitions (p. 103), speaks of Professor Sidgwick as 'an ardent supporter' of the society of which he is President, and which he politely calls 'a ghost-seeking society,' though it has a well-known name.

Nor is Mr. Maskelyne much better when he writes of Spiritualism as having done "so much to fill our lunatic asylums." That stale falsehood has long since been disproved, and Mr. Maskelyne must know that Dr. Crowell, of Brooklyn, when Dr. Winslow made the assertion, completely disproved the allegation. Dr. Winslow, when challenged, had not a word to say for himself: and here, years after, Mr. Maskelyne chirpily repeats the discredited falsehood. *Ex pæde Herculem*. These are the methods of which we complain. For of the opinions held by the doctor and the conjurer, so far as they are honestly held and stated with reasonable accuracy, we do not complain at all. They have a perfect right to advertise their ignorance in any way that seems most appropriate. It amuses and perhaps pays them, and does not hurt us. But when they make allegations that are injurious and are not founded on even a misconception of facts—allegations already conclusively disproved—then we may be permitted to point out that they are overstepping the bounds of fair controversy.

It will be observed that we have left Dr. Weatherly floundering in his Slough of Despond and have passed to his more notorious coadjutor. Mr. Maskelyne is, at any rate, an expert conjurer. On the stage of the Egyptian Hall he simulates certain phenomena associated in the public mind with Spiritualism, and adroitly leads his audience to forget that he does his tricks under conditions wholly different from those which bind the Spiritualist medium. To perform in a private house, Mr. Maskelyne once wrote,

"The Supernatural." By Dr. Lionel A. Weatherly and Mr. Maskelyne. (Bristol: Arrowsmith's 3s. 6d. series.)

in answer to a letter of inquiry, that he should require two tons of luggage. The medium arrives in an ordinary suit of evening clothes, is frequently shown into a room which he has never before entered, sits down at a table, and is held hand and foot by his neighbours on either side. If required he will submit to be stripped of his clothes and reclothed in garments furnished to him. Mr. Maskelyne has not only never produced one single phenomenon of mediumship under conditions that Spiritualists impose on mediums, but he cannot do it. Whatever his powers may be, he has never yet reproduced any phenomenon which he counterfeits under the same conditions as those under which it has occurred in the presence of a medium.

On this point there is existing a very instructive correspondence with a Spiritualist which was published as far back as 1873: also some very cogent letters which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" in 1885. These are worth comment and such quotation as our limits will permit. We shall recur to them, with no other desire than to show that there are certain phenomena of Spiritualism that Mr. Maskelyne has admitted to be genuine: and to establish our statement that his Egyptian Hall counterfeits of all or any Spiritualist phenomena are *not* reproductions under the same conditions attributed by Spiritualists to mediumship or psychical power.

For the present our space is exhausted. We have permitted ourselves a somewhat satirical treatment of Dr. Weatherly. It is hard to take him seriously. But if we must try to do so, let us ask finally, What does he—and what does his coadjutor—know of Spiritualism? Nothing that appears. What care have they taken to make themselves acquainted with it? None that is shown. What is their verdict worth? Nothing. They know no more of the broad aspects of the subject on which they intrude than a kitten does of the new world on which it opens its sealed eyes. Their book will gravitate to the butterman; or, perhaps, to a second-hand bookseller in an obscure neighbourhood, where it will eventually be found in a box labelled "All this lot, 2d."

The Crusher and the Crushed! Which is which? Let the candid reader say.

ASSEMBLY OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

On Tuesday, December 15th, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. R. J. Lees will deliver an address to the members of the London Spiritualist Alliance and their friends, at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, on "The Redemption of Spiritualism." We hope to see a large attendance.

THE "RIVULET" BIRTHDAY BOOK.

We have received from James Clarke and Co., of Fleet-street, a copy of the above little book, which is adapted either for a birthday book or for daily meditation. Each day is furnished with a verse from the writings of the Rev. Thomas T. Lynch, chiefly "The Rivulet" and "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal." To each verse is added a pithy extract from Mr. Lynch's prose writings. The work of selection has been very carefully performed by Mr. Morell Theobald, and the get up of the little volume leaves nothing to be desired. The type (Unwin Bros. are the printers) is very clear and good. The price is 4s.

CATALOGUE OF THE LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE LIBRARY.

We have received a copy of this Catalogue which will be issued to all members of the "London Spiritualist Alliance." The Library has lately received many valuable additions and the list of books, complete up to date of publication, has been added to even since that recent time. It may be that the issue of this catalogue may induce members to add to the library any surplus books that they may find wanting in its list. Old books, now out of print, are especially valuable. If authors will send a copy of books as they are published they will confer a great favour. Most, if not all, of the volumes reviewed in "LIGHT" will be found in the Library which, for the benefit of inquirers, we may say is to be found at 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C.

CECILIA DE NOEL.*

This new novel, by the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe," is a ghost story—"a study" the author modestly calls it—and it has a moral very profitable to ghost seers. Weald Manor, the seat of Sir George and Lady Atherley, is haunted. The ghost is seen by divers folk in every part of the house. "It is much worse than having only one haunted room," Lady Atherley justly remarks, "because we could make that into a bachelor's bedroom—I don't think they mind—or a linen closet." In short, everybody believes in the ghost except Sir George, who is a very Gallio on this and all supernatural subjects, though a right good fellow also. Lady Atherley believes in the ghost to the extent, at all events, of greatly disapproving of its being talked about in the kitchen. Mrs. Molyneux, a very lively visitor, by way of being a Theosophist—but who gives up Theosophy as quite inadequate after having seen the Ghost,—also believes. Canon Vernade, too, a popular preacher who "feels it," and whom it frightens to death almost; the curate, to whom it imparts comfort, rather than otherwise, by justifying, as he thinks, his conviction of the perfect reasonableness of eternal damnation;—all believe in it. The sight of it has converted Aunt Eleanor from being a worldling into being a Christian,—of that school whose faith is that only the elect are saved, in which category she, being a dear old lady, includes all whom she loves; and, more important than all, Mrs. Mallet—the cook ("professed" and greatly gifted),—believes in it so much as to pack up bag and baggage without warning given, to the great dismay of Sir George, the Agnostic, who believes, at least, in his dinner. Of the experiences of all these folk this Unbeliever makes very light indeed, disparaging the ghost on all occasions, in the most inhospitable manner. He admits that the worthy Canon may really have felt it, but suggests it was on the chest, as might be expected, he thinks, of a gentleman who eats three very square meals a day and takes no exercise. Thinks it likely the curate (High Church and vegetarian) saw it, by process of gastromanteia—in his stomach—from not eating enough to keep life together. He has no doubt the reason Aunt Eleanor saw it was that her dog barked—"he is always barking at something or nothing"—and frightened her into thinking so. As to Mrs. Molyneux, the Theosophist, she saw it because she wished to, in order to identify a "shell," and the cook because she did not wish to, but quite the reverse. He might be a Psychical Researcher, so fertile is he in hypothetical nostrums to lay the ghost by scientific incantation. But then Cecilia believes in it! Cecilia de Noel, his cousin, the presence of whom is a liberal education in any house, so gentle, sweet, and good is she! This staggers the Sceptic—though of course evidentially it ought not—but he believes in Cecilia (as who would not), and only faintly suggests that she dreamt it; but he obviously wavers.

The ghost is introduced after dinner in the drawing-room. A howling noise is heard in the servants' quarter of the house, and Atherley rings the bell.

"Charles, what is the meaning of that crying or howling which seems to come from your end of the house?"

"I think, sir," said Charles, with the coldly impassive manner of a highly-trained servant—"I think, sir, it must be Ann the kitchen-maid that you hear."

"Indeed! and may I ask what Ann the kitchen-maid is supposed to be doing?"

"If you please, sir, she is in hysterics."

"Oh! why?" exclaimed Lady Atherley plaintively.

"Because, my lady, Mrs. Mallet has seen the ghost!"

"Because Mrs. Mallet has seen the ghost!" repeated Atherley. "Pray, what is Mrs. Mallet herself doing under the circumstances?"

* "Cecilia de Noel." By LANOE FALCONER. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

"She is having some brandy-and-water, sir."

"Mrs. Mallet is a sensible woman," said Atherley heartily; "Ann the kitchen-maid had better follow her example."

"You may go, Charles," said Lady Atherley.

Mrs. Molyneux tries to convert the sceptics to Theosophy:—

Then, near the fire, but turned away from it so as to face us all, and in the prettiest of attitudes, she began, gracefully emphasising her more important points by movements of her spangled fan.

"I do not mention the name of the religion I wish to speak to you about, because—now I hope you won't be angry, but I am going to be quite horribly rude—because Sir George is certain to be so prejudiced against it—oh yes, Sir George, you are; everybody is at first. Even I was, because it has been so horribly misrepresented by people who really know nothing about it. For instance, I have myself heard it said that it was only a kind of Spiritualism. On the contrary, it is very much opposed to it, and has quite convinced me for one of the wickedness and danger of Spiritualism."

"Well, that is so much to its credit," Atherley generously acknowledged.

"And then, people said it was very immoral. Far from that; it has a very high ethical standard indeed—a very high moral aim. One of its chief objects is to establish a universal brotherhood amongst men of all nations and sects."

"A what?" asked Atherley.

"A universal brotherhood."

"My dear Mrs. Molyneux, you don't mean to seriously offer that as a novelty. I never heard anything so hackneyed in my life. Why, it has been preached *ad nauseam* for centuries!"

"By the Christian Church, I suppose you mean. And pray, how have they practised their preaching?"

"Oh, but excuse me; that is not the question. If your religion is as brand-new as you gave me to understand, there has been no time for practice. It must be all theory, and I hoped I was going to hear something original."

"Oh really, Sir George, you are quite too naughty. How can I explain things if you are so flippant and impatient? In one sense it is a very old religion; it is the truth which is in all religions, and some of its interesting doctrines were taught ages before Christianity was ever heard of, and proved, too, by miracles far, far more wonderful than any in the New Testament. However, it is no good talking to you about that; what I really wanted you to understand is how infinitely superior it is to all other religions in its theological teaching. You know, Sir George, you are always finding fault with all the Christian Churches—and even with the Mahomedans too, for that matter—because they are so anthropomorphous, because they imply that God is a personal being. Very well, then, you cannot say that about this religion, because—this is what is so remarkable and elevated about it—it has nothing to do with God at all."

"Nothing to do with—what did you say?" asked Lady Atherley, diverted by this last remark from a long row of loops upon an ivory needle which she appeared to be counting.

"Nothing to do with God."

"Do you know, Lucinda," said Lady Atherley, "if you would not mind, I fancy the coffee is just coming in, and perhaps it would be as well just to wait for a little, you know—just till the servants are out of the room? They might perhaps think it a little odd."

"Yes," said Atherley, "and even unorthodox."

Mrs. Molyneux submitted to this interruption with the greatest sweetness and composure, and dilated on the beauty of the new chair-covers till Castleman and the footman had retired, when, with a coffee-cup instead of a fan in her exquisite hand, she took up the thread of her exposition.

"As I was saying, the distinction of this religion is that it has nothing to do with God. Of course it has other great advantages, which I will explain later, like its cultivation of a sixth sense; for instance—"

"Do you mean common sense?"

"Jane, what am I to do with Sir George? He is really incorrigible. How can I possibly explain things if you will not be serious?"

"I never was more serious in my life. Show me a religion which cultivates common-sense, and I will embrace it at once."

"It is just because I knew you would go on in this way that I do not attempt to say anything about the supernatural side of this religion, though it is very important and most extraordinary. I assure you, my dear Jane, the powers that people develop under it are really marvellous. I have friends who can see into another world as plainly as you can see this drawing-room, and talk as easily with spirits as I am talking with you."

"Indeed!" said Lady Atherley politely, with her eyes fixed anxiously on something which had gone wrong with her knitting.

"Unfortunately, for that kind of thing you require to undergo such severe treatment; my health would not stand it; the London season itself is almost too much for me. It is a pity, for they all say I have great natural gifts that way, and I should have so loved to have taken it up; but to begin with, one must have no animal food and no stimulants, and the doctors always tell me I require a great deal of both."

"Besides, *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," said Atherley, "if the spirits you are to converse with are anything like those we used to meet in your drawing-room."

"That is not the same thing at all; those were only spooks."

"Only what?"

"No, I will not explain; you only mean to make fun of it, and there is nothing to laugh at. What I am trying to show you is that side of the religion you will really approve—the unanthropomorphous side. It is not anything like Atheism, you know, as some ill-natured people have said; it does not declare there is no God; it only declares that it is worse than useless to try and think of Him, far less pray to Him—because it is simply impossible. And that is quite scientific and philosophical, is it not? For all the great men are agreed now that the conditioned can know nothing of the unconditioned, and the finite can know nothing of the infinite. It is quite absurd to try, you know; and it is equally absurd to say anything about Him. You can't call Him Providence, because, as the universe is governed by fixed laws, there is nothing for Him to provide; and we have no business to call Him Creator, because we don't really know that things were created. Besides," said Mrs. Molyneux, resuming her fan, which she furred and unfurled as she continued, "I was reading in a delightful book the other day—I can't remember the author's name, but I think it begins with K or P. It explained so clearly that if the universe was created at all, it was created by the human mind. Then you can't call Him Father—it is quite blasphemous; and it is almost as bad to say He is merciful or loving, or anything of that kind, because mercy and love are only human attributes; and so is consciousness too, therefore we know He cannot be conscious; and I believe, according to the highest philosophical teaching, He has not any Being. So that altogether it is impossible, without being irreverent, to think of Him, far less speak to Him or of Him, because we cannot do so without ascribing to Him some conceivable quality—and He has not any. Indeed, even to speak of Him as *He* is not right; the pronoun is very anthropomorphous and misleading. So, when you come to consider all this carefully, it is quite evident—though it sounds rather strange at first—that the only way you can really honour and reverence God is by forgetting Him altogether."

Cecilia lays the ghost, but not by science:—

"Last night I sat up with Mrs. Molyneux, holding her hand till she fell asleep, and that was very late, and then I went to the dressing-room, where I was to sleep; and as I undressed, I thought over what Mr. Lyndsay had told us about the ghost; and the more I thought, the more sad and strange it seemed that not one of those who saw it, not even Aunt Eleanor, who is so kind and thoughtful, had had one pitying thought for it. And we who heard about it were just the same, for it seemed to us quite natural and even right that everybody should shrink away from it because it was so horrible; though that should only make them the more kind; just as we feel we must be more tender and loving to anyone who is deformed, and the more shocking his deformity the more tender and loving. And what, I thought, if this poor spirit had come by any chance to ask for something; if it were in pain and longed for relief, or sinful and longed for forgiveness? How dreadful then that other beings should turn from it, instead of going to

meet it and comfort it—so dreadful that I almost wished that I might see it, and have the strength to speak to it! And it came into my head that this might happen, for often and often when I have been very anxious to serve someone, the wish has been granted in a quite wonderful way. So when I said my prayers, I asked especially that if it should appear to me I might have strength to forget all selfish fear and try only to know what is wanted. And as I prayed the foolish shrinking dread we have of such things seemed to fade away, just as when I have prayed for those towards whom I felt cold or unforgiving the hardness has all melted away into love towards them. And after that came to me that lovely feeling which we all have sometimes—in church, or when we are praying alone, or more often in the open air, on beautiful summer days when it is warm and still, as if one's heart were beating and overflowing with love towards everything in this world and in all the worlds; as if the very grasses and the stones were dear, but dearest of all the creatures that still suffer, so that to wipe away their tears for ever, one feels that one would die—oh, die so gladly! And always as if this were something not our own, but part of that wonderful great Love above us, about us, everywhere, clasping us all so tenderly and safely!"

Here her voice trembled and failed; she waited a little and then went on: "Ah, I am too stupid to say rightly what I mean, but you who are clever will understand."

"It was so sweet that I knelt on, drinking it in for a long time; not praying, you know, but just resting, and feeling as if I were in heaven, till all at once, I cannot explain why, I moved and looked round. It was there at the other end of the room. It was much worse than I had dreaded it would be; as if it looked out of some great horror deeper than I could understand. The loving feeling was gone, and I was afraid—so much afraid, I only wanted to get out of sight of it. And I think I would have gone, but it stretched out its hands to me as if it were asking for something, and then, of course, I could not go. So, though I was trembling a little, I went nearer and looked into its face. And after that, I was not afraid any more, I was too sorry for it; its poor, poor eyes were so full of anguish. I cried: 'Oh, why do you look at me like that? Tell me what I shall do.'

"And directly I spoke I heard it moan. Oh, George, oh, Mr. Lyndsay, how can I tell you what that moaning was like? Do you know how a little change in the face of some one you love, or a little tremble in his voice, can make you see quite clearly what nobody, not even the great poets, had been able to show you before?"

"George, do you remember the day that grandmother died, when they all broke down and cried a little at dinner, all except Uncle Marmaduke? He sat up looking so white and stern at the end of the table. And I, foolish little child, thought he was not so grieved as the others—that he did not love his mother so much. But next day, quite by chance, I heard him, all alone, sobbing over her coffin. I remember standing outside the door and listening, and each sob went through my heart with a little stab, and I knew for the first time what sorrow was. But even his sobs were not so pitiful as the moans of that poor spirit. While I listened I learnt that in another world there may be worse for us to bear than even here—sorrow more hopeless, more lonely. For the strange thing was, the moaning seemed to come from so far, far away; not only from somewhere millions and millions away, but—this is the strangest of all—as if it came to me from time long since past, ages and ages ago. I know this sounds like nonsense, but indeed I am trying to put into words the weary long distance that seemed to stretch between us, like one I never should be able to cross. At last it spoke to me in a whisper which I could only just hear; at least, it was more like a whisper than anything else I can think of, and it seemed to come, like the moaning, from far, far away. It thanked me so meekly for looking at it and speaking to it. It told me that by sins committed against others when it was on earth it had broken the bond between itself and all other creatures. While it was what we call alive, it did not feel this, for the senses confuse us and hide many things from the good, and so still more from the wicked; but when it died and lost the body by which it seemed to be kept near to other beings, it found itself imprisoned in the most dreadful loneliness—loneliness which no one in this world can even imagine. Even the pain of solitary confinement, so it told me, which

drives men mad, is only like a shadow or type of this loneliness of spirits. Others there might be, but it knew nothing of them—nothing besides this great empty darkness everywhere, except the place it had once lived in, and the people who were moving about it; and even those it could only perceive dimly as if looking through a mist, and always so unutterably away from them all. I am not giving its own words, you know, George, because I cannot remember them. I am not certain it did speak to me; the thoughts seemed to pass in some strange way into my mind; I cannot explain how, for the still far-away voice did not really speak. Sometimes, it told me, the loneliness became agony, and it longed for a word or a sign from some other being, just as Dives longed for the drop of cold water; and at such times it was able to make the living people see it. But that, alas! was useless, for it only alarmed them so much that the bravest and most benevolent rushed away in terror or would not let it come near them. But still it went on showing itself to one after another, always hoping that someone would take pity on it and speak to it, for it felt that if comfort ever came to it it must be through a living soul, and it knew of none save those in this world and in this place. And I said: 'Why did you not turn for help to God?'

"Then it gave a terrible answer: it said, 'What is God?'

"And when I heard these words there came over me a wild kind of pity, such as I used to feel when I saw my little child struggling for breath when he was ill, and I held out my arms to this poor lonely thing, but it shrank back, crying:

"'Speak to me, but do not touch me, brave human creature. I am all death, and if you come too near me the Death in me may kill the life in you.'

"But I said: 'No death can kill the life in me, even though it kill my body. Dear fellow-spirit, I cannot tell you what I know; but let me take you in my arms; rest for an instant on my heart, and perhaps I may make you feel what I feel all around us.'

"And as I spoke I threw my arms around the shadowy form and strained it to my breast. And I felt as if I were pressing to me only air, but air colder than any ice, so that my heart seemed to stop beating, and I could hardly breathe. But I still clasped it closer and closer, and as I grew colder it seemed to grow less chill.

"And at last it spoke, and the whisper was not far away, but near. It said:

"'It is enough; now I know what God is!'

"After that I remember nothing more till I woke up and found myself lying on the floor beside the bed. It was morning, and the spirit was not there; but I have a strong feeling that I have been able to help it, and that it will trouble you no more."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

[Any acknowledgment of books received in this column neither precludes nor promises further notice.]

- "Theosophy." By ALLEN GRIFFITHS, F.T.S. Price 3d.
- "Karma and Re-Incarnation, the Foundation Doctrines of Theosophy." By W. SNOWDEN WARD. 1d.
- "Theosophical Siftings," Vol. IV., No. 13. "The Septenary Nature of Consciousness." By A. L. CLEATHER, F.T.S.
- "The Rivulet Birthday Book." Compiled from the writings of THOMAS T. LYNCH by MORELL THEOBALD. (James Clarke and Co., Fleet-street, Publishers.)
- "In a Steamer Chair." By "LUKE SHARP," being the Christmas number of the "Detroit Free Press." Price 6d. [A very readable story, excellently illustrated by the Misses Hammond.]
- "Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" By MRS. NETTIE COLBURN MAYNARD. (Rufus C. Hartranft, Publisher, 709, Sansom-street, Philadelphia. 264 pp.) [Copies can be procured by special order, as the book is not on sale in this country at present. The price would be from 4s. to 5s.]

THERE be many things that work upon man by secret sympathy and antipathy. The virtues of precious stones worn have been anciently and generally received, and curiously assigned to work several effects. So much is true that stones have in them fine spirits as appeareth by their splendour; and therefore they may work by consent upon the spirits of men to comfort and exhilarate them. Those that are the best for that effect are the diamond, the emerald, the jacinth oriental, and the gold stone, which is the yellow topaz. As for their particular properties there is no credit to be given to them, but it is manifest that light above all things excelleth in comforting the spirits of men; and it is very probable that lights varied doth the same effect with more novelty, and this is one cause why precious stones comfort. Prisms also are comfortable things.—FRANCIS BACON'S "Instansatio." Third Part.

THE OPEN SIGHT—MR. AND MRS. SETH THOMPSON.

Few things are more amusing to a Seer than the arguments of those who assume that Spiritualism is a delusion—the phantom of a diseased imagination. I have not the least doubt that there are hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children this day in Scotland who have the open sight continuously, and see the spirits of all classes of society mingling with mortals; and that the sight is so common as not to be considered of any importance. The Scotch are a quiet, thoughtful people, not given to much talk upon any subject outside of their business, yet sometimes when talking about religion, always a favourite theme on Sunday evening, they will venture to illustrate their conversation by some weird experience. In this way enough has reached the public about “second sight” to make it interesting. The silly question often asked: “Granting Spiritualism to be true, what is the use of it?” is just as applicable to mosquitoes, sharks, birds and beasts of prey, and a thousand other things which we cannot answer. We are here with some ideas of order, but are “awfully mixed.”

Seth Thompson, as his name implies, was of Scottish origin. Thompson is a Border name of great antiquity, and no doubt if Mr. Thompson had been curious in such matters, which he was not, he might have traced his origin back to the days of the “Doughty Douglas and the Noble Percy.” But be this as it may, he was a true blue American from his cradle to his grave, bore arms in the war of 1812-14, and was a hard-working man while he was able to work. The last years of his life were passed at East Bridgewater, Mass. One evening, when well advanced in years, while seated in his chair, half asleep, his wife said with much animation, “I declare, Seth, they’re singing Camp-meeting hymns, can’t you hear them?” This roused him from his slumbers, and he said, “Why, wife, can you hear them, too? I was listening to them just as you spoke.”

A mutual explanation ensued. About four years before, the world of spirits had been thrown open to them both at the same time. They had travelled through scenes of surpassing beauty, had often found themselves surrounded by multitudes that no man could number, and were received everywhere with a love that filled them with ecstasy. Knowing nothing about Spiritualism, they thought themselves demented, and did not tell what they had seen and heard for fear their friends should think them in their dotage. Mrs. Thompson said that she was generally surrounded by children of both sexes ranging from six to twelve years of age, who, when her day’s work was done, would cluster around her and sing the prettiest songs she ever heard. They were not always the same children, they often brought others with them, and sometimes were so full of fun that she had to tell them to go home or play outside until she got through her work, but children-like, they did not always obey; yet she could not feel angry with them, they were so loving. Mr. Thompson mingled more with men, who were engaged in mechanical pursuits, and saw how they worked and how they enjoyed themselves. He had as a constant companion a man in whom was blended the beauty of youth with the experience of age, and who told him that he and his friends, who were interested in opening communication with the natural world, were delighted to have “found him.” Mortals generally were so selfish, wished so much to turn their gifts into money that it was difficult to find one through whom spirits could see the natural world or hold communication with its people; that having found him was highly appreciated. He conducted Mr. Thompson through cities of immense size and almost blinding magnificence. It would take volumes to even sketch what he saw. Everybody had something to do and all seemed delighted with their work. He saw no poor folks or anyone in trouble.

When Mrs. Thompson was ninety-four years of age she told her husband and her daughter that she was going home that evening at six o’clock, and precisely at the time she folded her arms upon her breast and fell sweetly to sleep in Jesus. Mr. Thompson said it was the grandest sight he ever saw. All heaven and earth seemed to pour out their multitudes to welcome her, and the music was so glorious that it almost took him out of his body. Although he had lived with her a life of love for over sixty years, he could not shed a tear over her lifeless body, or feel a single pang of regret at her departure. He knew that she was happy, and he was happy in this conviction. The same year, when he was

about ninety-six years of age, he told his daughter that he was going to the old grocery store to bid his friends good-bye, for he was going home that afternoon. “Why, father,” said his daughter, who kept house for him, “you must be mistaken, for you have not looked so well for twenty years.” “You’ll see,” was the simple reply. He went to the store as he purposed, shook hands with his friends, came home and while seated in his chair, went hence wringing his hands in rapture. He was never sick in body or obscure in mind, and during his long and useful life was respected by all who knew him. Both he and his wife were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church over sixty years; they had never read a line of Swedenborg’s writings, knew nothing about Spiritualism, and it was not until the last year of their life that they spoke to their daughter about what they had daily seen and heard continuously for years. They died about three years ago, plain, honest people without any pretension but to do their duty in the fear of the Lord.

Experiences like this are common in private families, but church members do not like to make them public for fear of being spoken of as Spiritualists. The many public exposures of the frauds exhibited as Spiritualism have given the whole subject a bad name. Yet the churches of all denominations are permeated with it, and private circles, where there is no chance for fraud, are daily on the increase all over the civilised world. Some of the spirits predict that notwithstanding the armed state of Europe there will be no national war there; but that a revolution more terrible than the French revolution of 1792 is impending over Russia. It is well known that the French revolution was predicted years before it took place. Bancroft says, “There is no such thing as accident, though men in their ignorance of causes may think so. He who plants His foot on all the centuries knows neither change of purpose nor repose; is encompassing all events in His oversight ever accomplishing His will, whether men slumber in apathy or oppose with madness.” Suppose the day Napoleon was crowned Emperor a seer had raised the curtain of futurity and had shown him the Russian campaign, Elba, Waterloo, St. Helena, a broken heart, a lonely grave, he would have exclaimed in wrath, with Lochiel, “Down, soothless insulter, I trust not the tale.” And yet forces were then in operation working out the “Tragedy of St. Helena.” When we try to compare the known with the unknown, it is like a drop of water compared with the ocean; and what is the ocean, yea, “the great globe itself,” compared with the universe? Those who condemn anything without investigation are not wise.

Personally I can state that I have had the open sight at intervals all my life; have seen spirits in broad daylight without the presence of mediums or desiring to see them; have had their hands in my hands as palpably as the bread I ate; yet though nearly eighty years of age, am considered sane enough to be outside of a mad-house. Spiritualism is a great, a very great, blessing, and is in the world to stay, but those who attempt to make merchandise of it will find that it does not pay in the long run. Like fire, it is a good servant, but a bad master. DUNCAN MACLEAN.

(In “The New Church Independent,” Chicago, U.S.A.).

THOUGHTS OF THE LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

Why should we fear the Grave? It is the bed
Where the Kings lay in State with Angels round,
And hallowed it for evermore to us.
Why should we fear the Grave? It is the way
The Conquerors went, and made the very dust
Grow starry with the sparkle of their splendour,
And left the darkness conscious of their presence.
We can look down upon the Grave now they
Have plumbed it, spanned it, one foot on each side.

Through their dear love who have abolished death,
We may shut up our Graveyards of the heart,
That looked so grim of old, and plant anew
This garden of our God to smile with flowers.

Why do we shrink so from Eternity?
We are in Eternity from Birth not Death!
Eternity is not beyond the stars—
Some far Hereafter—it is *Here*, and *Now*!
The Kingdom of Heaven is within, so near
We do not see it save by spirit-sight.

GERALD MASSEY, “In Memoriam.”

I PHENOMENA AT A SITTING OF THE AMERICAN PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

For some time past we have been hunting for a record which we remembered to have seen at a time when we were prostrated by severe illness and unable to attend to the matter. In our absence it passed out of mind. Now opportunely the "Harbinger of Light" recalls the facts, and we reproduce them with all acknowledgments to our excellent contemporary.

It will be seen that some of the phenomena described are not unlike those which occur in the presence of Mrs. Abbott, as described in our present issue. There are further developments of this society which we shall have reason to note further. Meantime it is not to be confused with the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research. It is the society of which the Rev. Minot Savage and Dr. Heber Newton are conspicuous members.

The following is the account referred to:—

The members of the New Psychical Society have been particularly fortunate in securing the services of a remarkable (private) medium. The following account of their first three sésances is taken from the "Banner of Light," of August 8th. The "Banner" compares the manifestations with a similar but more impresssive séance held in their public reception room in 1852, Mrs. Conant being the medium:—

Lowell, Mass., July 29th.—The committee of the above society have just finished a series of three sésances with Josephine Lord of this city.

Miss Lord is young, lives with her father and mother, has not known anything of Spiritualism, and until recently has been a member and a constant attendant of the First Baptist Church. About two years ago her favourite brother was taken very ill. A female friend, who was calling, foretold his immediate death, which, proving correct, impressed Miss Lord and family very much. Heartbroken, they sought, like many others, consolation in Spiritualism, and thus began the mediumistic career of Miss Lord.

The phenomena produced by Miss Lord are of a peculiar character, occurring for the most part in the light. At the first séance held, under the direction of the Rev. T. Ernest Allen, of Providence, R.I., Secretary of the American Psychical Society, with six others present, three canes, one of wood, another of glass, and another of steel, were made to stand upon the floor for five minutes in a vertical position. At a command from Miss Lord the canes moved in any direction indicated, but they would not respond to a request made by any other person in the room.

She then took one of the sticks in her hand, and, although apparently holding it lightly between her fingers, no person present was able to take it from her. This phenomenon is something after the Lulu Hurst order.

The second séance was reinforced by B. O. Flower, of Boston, editor of "The Arena," Mrs. Flower, and Mr. Garland, all being members of the society. On this occasion the manifestations were far more varied and striking in character. Sitting in the dim light around the table, shadowy forms were seen plainly moving here and there, bending over and breathing some word of comfort in a whisper; then seeming to rise in the air, to be lost in the deepening shadows.

There stood at a little distance from the table a large rocking-chair, which all at once began to rock. Gradually it slid nearer to the table, and pushed itself between two of the persons sitting there, then it stopped for a moment and slowly rose a few inches from the floor, falling back again with a loud thud. It rose somewhat higher a second time, returning quickly to the floor again. Making a third attempt, as though moved by some superhuman force, it lifted itself squarely on the top of the table and began rocking violently.

A murmur of surprise went through the room. After a little delay, Mr. Flower declared himself wonderstruck, and suggested that the chair be returned to the floor, saying as he did so, "Could anyone sit in the chair, I wonder? and if so, could both be lifted?"

Instantly three hard raps were heard, which is the signal for "yes." Having thus gained the consent of the unseen agents, Mrs. Flower, with much trepidation, seated herself in the chair, the company meantime all joining in singing a

familiar hymn. This had continued for a few minutes only, when the chair, despite all Mrs. Flower's efforts to prevent it, began slowly to rock backward and forward. In vain did the occupant place her feet upon the floor, and protest that the chair should not move. It continued, gaining gradually in force and velocity.

Every eye was fixed upon the chair and its occupant, which were both plainly visible in semi-twilight. An exclamation of fear arose as the chair was lifted with its occupant fully ten inches from the floor, and then sunk back again just as it had done in the first instance.

"Are you afraid?" asked several persons of Mrs. Flower. They saw she looked somewhat pale.

"N-n-o, not v-ery," was the answer hesitatingly given.

The last word had not left her lips when, as though with one mighty effort, the chair and its occupant were both placed on the centre of the table, in the presence of the astonished company.

At the third séance, in the presence of the same company, about the same phenomena occurred with an additional mystery. Near the ceiling was a large picture-hook. One of the men present asked permission to place something on it, and was told by loud raps that he might do so. A stool was placed on the table, and he folded a banknote lengthwise and tied it about the hook.

After he took his seat all joined hands, and soon all were softly singing. The light was very dim. Not more than five minutes had passed before the medium uttered a cry more like the war-whoop of an Indian than anything else. Throwing her hands upward she caught the bank-note from the air just above her own head.

With this manifestation the meeting broke up, not, however, until the members had expressed their complete satisfaction with what had occurred, and suggesting a continuance of these remarkable sésances in the autumn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Mesmerism and Hypnotism.

SIR,—In common with others interested in the advancement of the knowledge of Mesmerism and Hypnotism, I have noticed with much pleasure the action lately taken by the authorities of the Royal Aquarium, in giving the Mesmeric and Hypnotic performances in the theatre, instead of on the central stage as heretofore, and in making known to the public that the said performances are only the representation of the real phenomena. And, indeed, the real phenomena are out of place in a theatre, as I said in my letter of November 14th of last year, when refuting the erroneous theory of Hypnotism expounded by the famous physiologist, Professor Du Bois Raymond, of the Berlin University.

The performances as they are carried on now in the Aquarium will have the good effect of making the public acquainted both with the beneficial results of Mesmerism and Hypnotism (without the inconvenience of producing the real phenomena of the latter), and with the great harm which ignorant and more especially malicious Hypnotisers can bring about.

The decision of the Aquarium authorities is so much the more worthy of approval as by it they have removed the occasion, or pretext, for any endeavour to stop the study of Hypnotism and to make it a subject of monopoly, an idea quite in opposition to scientific investigations, the spirit and tendencies of the age, and the institutions of this country, the result of which, had it been carried out, would necessarily have been to retard progress in this branch of human knowledge.

My desire of seeing Mesmerism and Hypnotism thoroughly investigated, and the knowledge of both subjects enlarged as much as possible, is based on my perfect conviction of the enormous benefit that humanity can derive from them. Mesmerism heals—and this is abundantly demonstrated—almost all curable complaints which do not require in reality any surgical operation, without producing the serious consequences that can result from the Hypnotic treatment, a fact evidenced in some measure by rubbing and massage, which is no more than a Mesmeric method, and a very comforting one, instead of painful, as has been supposed by some in consequence of its application by ignorant and unskilful practitioners who think that the good result will be in proportion to the pressure or violence of the blows upon the part afflicted. Hypnotism produces the same effect, and even greater than

Mesmerism, by using the mind of the patient as the instrument for its operations, the mind whose power over the body goes so far as to modify the composition and form of living beings.

It is useless that those interested in preventing the progress of Mesmerism and Hypnotism or prejudiced against them should try to give to the public erroneous ideas about Mesmeric and Hypnotic discoveries, their effects and their history, for the time is gone by when such conspiracy could have been successful. Therefore, I regret very much to see the "Times," moved no doubt by the best intentions, engaged, unconsciously, in giving support to the said conspiracy by publishing in its issue of the 9th inst. the most incorrect ideas about the matter, ideas that Sir Charles Isham has considered it just to refute, and has indeed refuted lately through the "Echo."

By studying the phenomena of Hypnotism it becomes evident that we shall be driven into the way towards investigating the action of the psychical part of man upon the corporeal or bodily one, and *vice versa*, a subject to which several eminent men at the end of last century devoted their energies, among them the famous Cabanis. Unfortunately these researches did not subsequently meet with sufficient attention, as evidenced from the fact that they have not been taken into consideration in legal and medical matters. This is sufficiently apparent as far as regards medicine from the address of Sir Richard Quain some months ago to the students of University College. In this address he considered it necessary to warn them against a gloomy demeanour on the part of medical men when called to severe cases, and to impress upon them how desirable it is on such occasions to take a hopeful rather than a doubtful or unfavourable view of the patient's condition; for, as he said, a cheerful and encouraging view very often does more good than the medicine itself, and, at any rate, in nearly every case it vastly assists the prescription.

Such observations as these, and similar indications of opinion in several centres of mental culture abroad lead us to be confident in the revival of the study of the *rapproch* between the psychical and physical nature of man, and that in future this study will be carried on with steady zeal, thus speeding the time when it will be possible to found on a solid basis what I venture to call "transcendental physiology," which is so imperatively required by social science and medical art, and without which both will ever remain in their infancy.

3, Bulstrode-street, Cavendish-square.
November 23rd, 1891.

F. OMERIN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It having been repeatedly requested that all communications intended to be printed should be addressed to the Editor of "LIGHT," 2, Duke-street, Adelphi, W.C., and not to any other address, it is now respectfully intimated that letters otherwise addressed will not be forwarded. Foreign correspondents are specially desired to note this request. It does not, of course, apply to proof sent from the printer and marked to be returned to 13, Whitefriars-street, E.C. So much expense and delay is caused by neglect to read the standing notices to correspondents that it is hoped attention may be paid to the plain directions therein laid down.

E. L. B.—We are so overdone with this kind of copy that we must beg permission to hold over for some time.

J. C. W.—Printed accounts of any meetings are not acknowledged in "LIGHT" except as advertisements.

W. R. T.—Will you save us some trouble by observing the half-column limit and making your copy as clear as you can? What you send us is full of interest.

W. W. D.—We will send you some books: but you will easily see that those best worth your attention are not at our command for distribution. Most willing to help as we can.

W. SHARPE.—Thanks. What you say seems to us cogent. If need be we shall gladly avail ourselves of your hint. But the controversy is arid, and we have had enough of it at present.

S. N. ZANNE.—We read what you are so good as to send with interest, but fear it is too abstruse for our readers. We thank you for your good opinion of "LIGHT." We have very flattering comments from all parts.

THOMAS SHERRATT.—Probably Mrs. Fossett was in our mind: we were very uncertain as to the name. We have discovered an account of "The Infant Magnet" which you will find in another column. We have entirely lost sight of the lady in question whom we met at the house of the late Mr. Guppy. We should be glad to hear from her if this should meet her eye.

SOCIETY WORK.

[Correspondents who send us notices of the work of the Societies with which they are associated will oblige by writing as distinctly as possible and by appending their signatures to their communications. Inattention to these requirements often compels us to reject their contributions. No notice received later than the first post on Tuesday is sure of admission.]

FOREST HILL, 23, DEVONSHIRE-ROAD.—On Thursday, November 26th, we had a séance, Mrs. Wilkins being the medium, and her guides on this occasion gave much useful information. On Sunday last Mrs. C. Spring took our service and many clairvoyant descriptions were given, most of which were recognised. On Sunday next, December 6th, at 7 p.m., Mr. Veitch. On Thursday, December 10th, at 8 p.m., Captain Pfoundes, Psychology.—H. W. BRUNKER, Sec.

14, ORCHARD-ROAD, SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.—On Sunday last we had a good meeting, and Mrs. Treadwell's guides delivered a very instructive discourse upon "The Destiny of the Soul," referring to the beautiful life of Jesus as an example to every one of us. Sunday, at 3 p.m., Lyceum; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Hawkins, trance. Tuesdays, at 8 p.m., seance, Mrs. Mason. Saturdays, at 8 p.m., select circle, Mr. Mason. On December 13th Mr. Pursey will read some of his spirit writings given through the mediumship of his wife, with organ recitals and sacred solos; subject, "The Soul of Man."—J. H. B., Hon. Sec.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.—Assistance given to inquirers, copies of "LIGHT," leaflets on Spiritualism, and list of English and foreign members sent on receipt of stamp.—Address, J. Allen, 14, Berkley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex, or W. E. Robson, 166, Rye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Manor Park branch of the above Society will hold the following meetings at 14, Berkley-terrace, as follows:—Sunday, 11.30 a.m., for students and inquirers; Thursday, 11.30 a.m., inquirers' meeting; Friday, 8 p.m., for Spiritualists only, the Study of Mediumship; and at 1, Wini-fred-road, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Tuesday, 8.15 p.m., experimental séance; first Sunday in each month at 7 p.m., reception. All meetings free.

LONDON SPIRITUALIST FEDERATION, ATHENÆUM HALL, 73, TOTTENHAM COURT-ROAD.—Last Sunday Mr. Waite gave us an admirable lecture on the true aims of occultism. Mr. Twiney sang two solos in an artistic manner. Next Sunday, at 7 p.m., I shall read certain documents concerning the Theosophical Society sent by A. D. Bathell, Esq. I shall also expose the errors of Theosophy from a Spiritualistic standpoint, and reveal certain things concerning the real nature of the Mahatmas and the secret workings of the Society. I appeal to all Spiritualists, to all lovers of truth, and to all who wish to be saved from a new form of priestcraft, to be present next Sunday. The second Occult Liturgy will be read before the lecture.—A. F. TINDALL.

24, HARCOURT-STREET, MARYLEBONE.—Mr. Rodger's discourse on "Theosophy and Spiritualism" was well received by an attentive audience. Next Sunday, at 11 a.m., a discussion on "Mind"; at 7 p.m., Mrs. Perrin, trance address; Thursday, at 7.45 p.m., Mrs. Wilkins; Saturday, no meeting. Special attention is called to our new venture. The Spiritual Hall, 86, High-street, Marylebone, opposite the Marylebone Music Hall, will be opened on Sunday, December 20th, by Miss Florence Marryat, subject: "There is no Death," at 7 p.m., Mr. Thomas Everitt in the chair; and on Monday, a discourse by prominent Spiritualists, Dr. Gale presiding. The fittings and furniture will involve a heavy outlay, and the kind co-operation of all interested is therefore earnestly invited. A tea and social meeting on Boxing-night. Tea on the table at five o'clock; tickets, which are now ready, 9d. each.—C. WHITE.

SOUTH LONDON SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, 311, CAMBERWELL NEW-ROAD, S.E. (NEAR THE GREEN).—On Tuesday, December 8th, we shall hold a social evening with an attractive programme of songs, games, and dances; light refreshments provided; tickets 6d. each, to commence at 8.30 p.m. Next Sunday, Lyceum, at 3 p.m., "Ghosts," or the "Review of Reviews" reviewed, at 7 o'clock. On Sunday last the many and varied forms of opposition to the Spiritualistic position were critically examined, the alleged explanations, scientific and otherwise, being weighed in the balance and found wanting. Trickery, delusion, known laws, thought-transference, mind influence, unconscious cerebration, higher-self action, spook, shell, and devil theories were held by Mr. Long to be insufficient to cover the accumulated testimony to the reality of Spiritualism.—W. E. L., Hon. Sec.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO MRS. MELLON'S FUND.—Subscriptions already acknowledged, £11 3s. 2d.; Mr. and Mrs. R. Ellison, 5s.; Mrs. Taylor-Robinson, second donation, 7s. 6d.; Mr. Wm. Oxley, 10s. 6d.; Venus, 2s.; Mr. J. Oliver, 1s.

THE Mnyssseas, a South American tribe, worshipped all stones, believing that these stones had formerly been men; and that there would be a resurrection in which these stones would be again transformed into men. (This was in the sixteenth century.)—S. HELPS' "Spanish Conquests in America." Vol. IV., p. 432.